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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL L 272Y

"DOCTOR WHO" 7Q

TX'89

'GHOST LIGHT'

by

Marc Platt

EPISODE ONE

Producer ..... JOHN NATHAN-TURNER  
Script Editor ..... ANDREW CARTMEL  
Production Associate ..... JUNE COLLINS  
Finance Assistant ..... PAUL GOODLIFFE  
Producer's Secretary ..... CLARE KINMONT

Director ..... ALAN WAREING  
Production Manager ..... GARY DOWNIE  
A.F.M. .... STEPHEN GARWOOD  
Production Assistant ..... VALERIE WHISTON

Designer ..... NICK SOMERVILLE  
Costume Designer ..... KEN TREW  
Make-Up Designer ..... JOAN STRIBLING  
Visual Effects Designer ..... MALCOLM JAMES  
Properties Buyer ..... NICK BARNETT  
Technical Co-ordinator ..... RICHARD WILSON  
Lighting Director ..... HENRY BARBER  
Sound Supervisor ..... SCOTT TALBOTT  
Grams Op ..... MIKE WEAVER  
Video Effects ..... DAVE CHAPMAN  
Special Sound ..... DICK MILLS  
Camera Supervisor ..... GEOFF CLARK  
Artist Booker ..... MAGGIE ANSON  
V.T. Editor ..... HUGH PARSON

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7Q - EPISODE ONE 'GHOST LIGHT'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
ACE

JOSIAH SAMUEL SMITH, A VICTORIAN NATURALIST  
REV. ERNEST MATTHEWS, DEAN OF MORTARHOUSE COLLEGE, OXFORD  
GWENDOLINE, JOSIAH'S WARD  
NIMROD, A NEANDERTHAL MANSERVANT  
MRS. PRITCHARD, THE NIGHTHOUSEKEEPER  
REDVERS FENN-COOPER, AN EXPLORER  
MRS. GROSE, THE DAY HOUSEKEEPER  
MAID (DAY STAFF)

NON SPEAKING:

MAID (DAY STAFF)  
FOUR MAIDS (NIGHT STAFF)  
TWO ALIEN CREATURES (HUSKS)

HEARD, BUT NOT SEEN:

VOICE OF CONTROL (ALIEN CREATURE)

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Gabriel Chase House:  
Hallway and landing  
Drawing/Dining Room  
Upper Observatory  
Study  
Lower Observatory and Lift Access Tunnel (Stone spaceship)  
Upstairs corridor  
Trophy Room  
Bedroom  
Empty Bedroom  
Lift

\* \* \* \* \*

LOCATION:

Establishing shots of Victorian style house

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO" 7Q

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EPISODE ONE

1. EXT. THE HOUSE OF GABRIEL CHASE. SUNSET.

(ESTABLISHING SHOTS.

THE STATUE OF AN  
ANGEL STANDS GRIM  
GUARD BESIDE THE  
FRONT STEPS OF A  
VICTORIAN COUNTRY  
HOUSE.

STANDING IN SPACIOUS  
GROUNDS WITH A BROAD  
DRIVE LEADING UP TO  
ITS DOORS, THE HOUSE  
IS A DESIRABLE  
RESIDENCE FOR ANY  
WELL HEELED VICTORIAN  
LANDOWNER.

THE HOUSE BOASTS AN  
UNUSUAL FEATURE IN  
THE GLASS DOMED  
OBSERVATORY ON THE  
CORNER OF THE ROOF  
ON ONE WING.

A CAPTION INFORMS US:  
"1883")

2. INT. LOWER OBSERVATORY AND ACCESS TUNNEL.

(THE FOLDING  
DOOR OF AN  
ANTIQUE LIFT  
CONCERTINAS OPEN  
AND MRS. PRITCHARD  
THE NIGHT HOUSEKEEPER  
EMERGES, PALE AND  
GAUNT, DRESSED IN  
BLACK WITH HAIR  
SCRAPED BACK INTO A  
BUN.

SHE CARRIES A GLASS  
OIL LAMP AND IS  
FOLLOWED BY AN  
EQUALLY GAUNT MAID  
IN FULL VICTORIAN  
MOPCAP REGALIA, WHO  
CARRIES A METAL TRAY  
WITH A DOMED COVER.

THEY MOVE UP A SHORT  
ACCESS TUNNEL CUT  
INTO SOLID BEDROCK.,  
PAST PALAEOLITHIC  
PAINTINGS ON THE  
CURVED WALLS DEPICTING  
MAMMOTHS, BISON, ETC.

THEY ENTER A LARGE  
ROOM, FURNISHED IN  
TASTEFUL VICTORIANA  
WITH A DESK, A  
BUREAU, ASPIDISTRAS  
AND SEVERAL DISPLAYS  
OF STUFFED ANIMALS  
AND BIRDS IN GLASS  
CASES. THERE ARE  
NO WINDOWS.

THE ROOM IS  
SURROUNDED BY  
DRAPES AND  
SCREENS, DISGUIISING  
THE FACT THAT THIS  
IS REALLY A STONE  
SPACECRAFT, AND  
HIDING A MULTITUDE  
OF LESS TASTEFUL  
AND VERY ALIEN  
SECRETS.

CROSSING THE  
CHAMBER, MRS. PRITCHARD  
DRAWS BACK A DRAPE  
TO REVEAL A PANELLED  
DOOR IN THE STONE  
WALL.

(Note: Beside the  
door is a small table  
with a Victorian style  
telephone on it)

MRS. PRITCHARD LOOKS  
THROUGH A SPYHOLE IN  
THE DOOR, THERE IS AN  
ANIMAL GRUNT FROM  
INSIDE)

MRS. PRITCHARD: (FORMAL) I have brought  
you your dinner. And your Times.

(USING A HOOKED  
STICK, MRS. PRITCHARD  
OPENS A PANEL AT THE  
DOOR'S BASE.

THE MAID UNCOVERS  
THE TRAY TO REVEAL  
CHUNKS OF RAW FRUIT  
AND VEGETABLES ON  
BEST CHINA, A TUMBLER  
OF RED WINE AND A  
FOLDED COPY OF THE  
TIMES FROM 1883.  
NO CUTLERY.

THE MAID IS SLIDING  
THE TRAY UNDER THE  
DOOR WHEN IT IS  
SNATCHED OUT OF HER  
GRASP.

- 1/4 -

THE MAID LOOKS  
UP AT MRS. PRITCHARD

AFTER A SECOND,  
THE TRAY IS FLUNG  
OUT AGAIN, FOOD  
AND ALL. ONLY THE  
TIMES HAS GONE.

THERE IS THE  
SOUND OF ANGRY  
ANIMAL WAILING.

MRS. PRITCHARD AND  
THE MAID DRAW  
SLOWLY BACK AS  
THE DOOR SHUDDERS  
UNDER A RAIN OF  
BLOWS FROM INSIDE.

AT THE SPY HOLE  
IS A DARTING EYE)

- 4 -

3. INT. HALLWAY. GABRIEL CHASE. DUSK.

(A WIDE HALL  
WITH A CENTRAL  
STAIRCASE LEADING  
UP TO A LANDING.

A FRONT DOOR  
OPPOSITE THE  
STAIRS.

A DOOR LEADS OFF  
TO THE DRAWING  
ROOM ON ONE SIDE  
AND THERE ARE  
EXITS WHICH IMPLY  
CORRIDORS LEADING  
DEEPER INTO THE  
HOUSE. IN AN  
ALCOVE, A DOOR  
IN THE PANELLING  
CONCEALS THE  
FOLDING DOOR AT  
THE TOP OF THE  
LIFT SHAFT.

THERE IS A LARGE  
GRANDFATHER  
SHOWING TWENTY  
FIVE TO SIX.

ABOVE THE STAIRS  
IS A LARGE STAINED  
GLASS WINDOW.

THE WOOD PANELLING  
OF THE WALLS CONCEALS  
COMPARTMENTS BEHIND  
WHICH THE NIGHT  
SERVANTS LURK DURING  
THE DAY.

THE DOOR-BELL IS  
JANGLING.

MRS. GROSE, THE  
DAY HOUSEKEEPER,  
A HOMELY DUMPLING  
OF A WOMAN, FLUSTERS  
ACROSS THE HALL TO  
THE FRONT DOOR.

SHE WEARS HER COAT  
AND HOLDS HER  
BONNET. SHE WAS  
ON THE WAY HOME.

TWO MAIDS, ALSO  
IN COATS OR SHAWLS,  
HOVER ANXIOUSLY AT  
THE FOOT OF THE  
STAIRS.

MRS. GROSE OPENS  
THE FRONT DOOR.

THE REV. ERNEST MATTHEWS  
BARGES IN. A ROTUND  
SELF-RIGHTEOUS MAN  
WITH A SCHOLARLY AIR,  
MASSIVE SIDEBURNS AND  
LITTLE TIME FOR  
SERVANTS)

ERNEST: Tell your master that the  
Reverend Ernest Matthews has arrived.

(MRS. GROSE IS  
FLUMMOXED. SHE  
WANTED TO GET AWAY  
BUT HE IS ALREADY  
TAKING OFF HIS HAT  
AND COAT AND HANDING  
THEM TO HER. SHE  
PAUSES)

Well? This house is Gabriel Chase,  
is it not?

MRS. GROSE: Yes, sir. (GLANCES AT THE  
MAIDS) But excuse me sir, as I understood,  
you would not be arriving until this  
evening.

- 1/7 -

ERNEST: Madam, my patience has already been sorely tried by the interminable journey from Oxford.

MRS. GROSE: Yes sir, I'm sorry, sir. Only we don't get many visitors, you see.

ERNEST: Apparently not. Now kindly inform Mr. Smith, if he is at home, that I have answered his summons and am waiting.

- 7 -

4. INT. UPPER OBSERVATORY. SUNSET.

(THE HEAD OF  
A LARGE AND  
RATHER TOO  
REALISTIC ROCKING  
PONY.

THE PONY STANDS  
BESIDE A BENCH  
OF OLD FASHIONED  
SCIENTIFIC  
EQUIPMENT, GLASS  
RETORTS, FLASKS  
OF PICKLED ANIMAL  
AND HUMAN ORGANS -  
PARAPHERNALIA,  
BUT IT IS ALL  
MUDDLED UP WITH  
VICTORIAN ANIMAL  
TOYS. OVERHEAD,  
THE GLASS DOMED  
ROOF.

LOOKING THROUGH  
A SPHERICAL GLASS  
BOWL, THE TARDIS  
APPEARS IN A CORNER  
OF THE ROOM.

THE DOORS ARE  
HEARD OPENING  
BUT ARE NOT VISIBLE  
SINCE THEY ARE  
FACING THE WALL)

ACE: (O.O.V.) Professor! Thirty  
second penalty!

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V. FROM INSIDE)  
Just get on with it. It's all part  
of the initiative test.

- 1/9 -

(ACE STARTS TO  
SQUEEZE OUT  
FROM BEHIND THE  
TARDIS)

ACE: You're still a lousy parker.

(SHE TAKES IN  
WHERE SHE IS)

Hey, playtime!

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V. AS BEFORE) Well?

ACE: It's a laboratory. No. It  
could be a nursery, but the kids'd have  
to be pretty advanced. And creepy.

(SHE EXAMINES  
PARAPHERNALIA)

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Be concise.

(ACE GLEEFULLY  
POKES ONE OF  
THE TOYS. IT  
WHIZZES AWAY  
INTO LIFE)

ACE: It's Fun City, Professor!

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Very succinct.

ACE: It's got to be Earth.

(THE DOCTOR COMES  
OUT OF THE TARDIS)

THE DOCTOR: You tell me.

- 9 -

ACE: This equipment's prehistoric.  
I like the toys.

(POINTING TO THE  
PICKLED SPECIMENS)

But these are pretty sick. Can't  
stand dead things. It must be  
Victorian.

THE DOCTOR: It's a surprise.

5 INT. HALLWAY. SUNSET.

(THE CLOCK SHOWS A  
FEW MINUTES BEFORE  
SIX.

THE TWO MAIDS ARE  
LOOKING AT IT  
ANXIOUSLY.

MRS GROSE EMERGES  
FROM THE DRAWING ROOM)

MRS GROSE: All right my dears.  
Don't worry.

(SHE GATHERS UP HER  
BONNET AND BAG, THEN  
PLACES HER SET OF KEYS  
DELIBERATELY ON THE  
HALL TABLE)

Our day's done. We shan't stay  
a moment longer.

(SHE HURRIES TO THE  
FRONT DOOR WITH THE  
MAIDS. SHE STOPS  
AND GIVES ONE FINAL  
FORBIDDING LOOK BACK)

And heaven help anyone still here  
after dark.

(THEY GO OUT, CLOSING  
THE DOOR. THE SOUND  
OF THE KEY TURNING  
IN THE LOCK)

(NO SCENES 6 OR 7)

8. INT. UPPER OBSERVATORY. DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
OBSERVING THE  
NIGHT SKY THROUGH  
A TELESCOPE SET  
ON A PIVOT.

ACE IS SIFTING  
THROUGH THE  
BOTTLES OF CHEMICALS  
IN A CUPBOARD)

ACE: Nothing much in here. Alum,  
borax, carbon tetrachloride ...

(THE DOCTOR  
ENGROSSED IN  
THE SKY)

THE DOCTOR: Let me guess. Benzine,  
arsenic. Boring, aren't they?

ACE: Yeah, nothing volatile or explosive.

THE DOCTOR: They're all preserving  
agents in the art of taxidermy.

ACE: Art's not what I'd call it.

(ACE HAS FOUND  
AN OLD-FASHIONED  
TELEPHONE AMONGST  
THE MUDDLE ON THE  
WORKTOP. SHE LIFTS  
UP THE EARPIECE AND  
LOOKS FOR A BUTTON  
TO PRESS)

THE DOCTOR: Did you know Aldebaran's  
in conjunction with Syrinx tonight?

ACE: What I need is a phonecard.

THE DOCTOR: Hmm?

ACE: How do I ring out on this thing?

(THE DOCTOR MAKES  
A DESPERATE DIVE  
FOR THE TELEPHONE,  
BUT SHE KEEPS OUT  
OF HIS REACH)

THE DOCTOR: Ace! Put that down!

ACE: It's called initiative, remember.  
All I want is the operator.

THE DOCTOR: You'll give us away.  
These days trespassers land up in  
Newgate.

ACE: The prison!

THE DOCTOR: Mmm. And it took three  
weeks to tunnel out last time. So  
give me the phone!

(HE TAKES THE  
TELEPHONE FROM HER,  
BUT THEY BOTH  
FREEZE AS A  
VOICE (JOSIAH)  
SPEAKS FROM THE  
OTHER END OF THE  
LINE)

JOSIAH: Who's there?

THE DOCTOR: Sorry, wrong number.

(HE PUTS THE  
EARPIECE BACK  
ON ITS HOOK PRONTO)

9. INT. STUDY. DUSK.

(THE ROOM IS  
LIT ONLY BY THE  
GLOW FROM A FIRE-  
PLACE. THE CURTAINS  
ARE DRAWN.

MORE STUFFED  
ANIMALS.

A BLEACHED WHITE  
HAND SLEEVED BY A  
SILK DRESSING-GOWN,  
REPLACES THE  
EAR PIECE OF A  
TELEPHONE ON ITS  
HOOK)

JOSIAH: Using a telephone, reverend  
Matthews? Surely you're far too  
fastidious a soul for such demonic  
apparatus?

(AN ANTIQUE  
MICROSCOPE.  
THE SHADOWY  
FIGURE BENDS OVER  
IT, STARTING TO  
ADJUST THE WHEEL  
ON THE SIDE)

10. INT. UPPER OBSERVATORY. NIGHT.

(THE TELESCOPE  
SWINGS SILENTLY  
ROUND ON ITS PIVOT  
TO WATCH THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE.

WE SEE FROM  
ITS CIRCULAR P.O.V.

ACE PLAYS WITH  
ONE OF THE TOYS  
WHILE THE DOCTOR  
LECTURES)

THE DOCTOR: Now that you've so success-  
fully drawn attention to our presence,  
there's only one thing for it.

ACE: Go and introduce ourselves  
properly?

THE DOCTOR: The Victorians are  
sticklers for formal etiquette. We'll  
have to leave the house immediately.

ACE: Don't tell me. So we can knock  
on the door and come back in.

(THE DOCTOR NOTICES  
THAT THE TELESCOPE  
IS FACING THE  
WRONG WAY. HE  
SPINS IT BACK. IT  
SLOWLY TURNS BACK  
TOWARDS HIM)

This isn't a haunted house, is it  
Professor? I told you I've got this  
thing about haunted houses.

THE DOCTOR: Did you tell me that?

ACE: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: How many have you been  
in?

ACE: One was enough. Never again.

(THE ROCKING PONY  
NEIGHS QUIETLY  
AND STARTS TO  
ROCK SLOWLY BACK  
AND FORTH.

IN THE DISTANCE,  
THE GRANDFATHER  
CLOCK STARTS TO  
CHIME SIX O'CLOCK.

ACE LOOKS WORRIED)

11. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(THE WESTMINSTER  
CHIMES STRIKE  
DISTANTLY.

THE SHADOWY FIGURE  
OF JOSIAH RISES  
FROM THE MICROSCOPE.

SEATED STOCKSTILL  
ON THE COUCH, STARING  
UNBLINKING INTO  
THE FIRELIGHT IS  
GWENDOLINE, JOSIAH'S  
PRETTY YOUNG WARD,  
AGED ABOUT EIGHTEEN.

THE FIGURE OF  
JOSIAH MOVES IN  
SILENTLY BEHIND  
HER. HIS WHITE  
HAND ALIGHTS GENTLY  
ON HER SHOULDER.

SHE IS SUDDENLY  
AWAKE AND AWARE)

JOSIAH: (VERY GENTLY) I think you  
should go and greet our guests, my  
dear.

(WITHOUT A WORD,  
GWENDOLINE RISES,  
ALMOST AUTOMATICALLY,  
AND GOES)

12. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(AS THE CLOCK  
PLOUGH SLOWLY  
THROUGH ITS SIX  
STROKES, A PANEL  
OPENS IN THE WALL  
OF THE HALL.

IN THE ALCOVE  
BEHIND EACH STANDS  
A GREY-FACED MAID.

THEY SLOWLY START  
TO EMERGE.

THEIR LONG SKIRTS  
SWISH ACROSS THE  
FLOOR IN A SLOW  
PROCESSION AS THEY  
CONVERGE ON THE  
STAIRS.

MRS. PRITCHARD  
EMERGES FROM THE  
LIFT. SHE PICKS  
UP THE KEYS LEFT  
ON THE TABLE BY  
MRS. GROSE.

MRS. PRITCHARD  
TAKES HER PLACE  
AT THE FOOT OF THE  
STAIRS.

THE DOOR FROM THE  
DRAWING ROOM OPENS  
AND ERNEST EMERGES,  
STOPPING IN HIS  
TRACKS AS HE TAKES  
IN THE GHASTLY  
APPARITION BEFORE  
HIM.

THE MAIDS ARE  
RANGED UP THE STAIRS.  
PALE, GAUNT AND  
EMOTIONLESS, THEY  
STARE AHEAD, AWAITING  
INSTRUCTION.

MRS. PRITCHARD,  
GAUNTEST OF ALL  
TURNS HER HEAD  
SHARPLY LIKE A  
PREDATORY BIRD,  
TO GLARE MENACINGLY  
AT ERNEST.

THE MAIDS TURN  
THEIR HEADS IN  
UNISON)

ERNEST: You are aware that I have  
been ringing for attention since before six  
O'clock. I demand to see your master  
immediately!

(MRS. PRITCHARD  
STARES AS ERNEST  
COMES CLOSER.

IN UNISON, THE  
MAIDS BEGIN TO  
DRAW CLOSER TO  
ERNEST)

This insolence has gone far enough!  
If I leave now Madam, Mr. Smith will  
regret the consequences. The condem-  
nation of the Royal Society can be  
ruinous! (NO REPLY) So be it.

(MRS. PRITCHARD  
DRAWS SLOWLY  
CLOSER. LOOMING  
OVER HIM)

GWENDOLINE: Reverend Matthews.

(ERNEST TURNS TO  
SEE GWENDOLINE,  
WHO HAS APPEARED  
FROM THE DEPTHS  
OF THE HOUSE)

You must forgive us for keeping you  
waiting, sir. I am Mr. Smith's ward.

ERNEST: You are Gwendoline are  
you not?

GWENDOLINE: Yes, sir. My guardian was most concerned that you had been kept waiting. Be assured he will join us shortly.

(ERNEST MOVES  
CLOSER TO GWENDOLINE,  
DRAWN BY HER  
PRESENCE)

ERNEST: I fear that much of my discourse with him will not be pleasing to a young lady such as you.

GWENDOLINE: But we are both anxious to meet you, sir. Will you join me in the drawing room?

(TO MRS. PRITCHARD)

Bring some tea, Mrs. Pritchard.

(THE MAIDS HAVE  
ALREADY GONE.

MRS. PRITCHARD  
TURNS AND STALKS  
INTO THE HOUSE)

13. INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(LIT BY OIL  
LAMPS. MORE STUFFED  
BIRDS, INCLUDING  
A GREAT AUK.

HALF WAY ALONG  
IS A PAIR OF  
LONG CURTAINS.

TWO MAIDS PASS  
THROUGH.

AFTER THEY HAVE  
GONE, THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE SNEAK  
OUT OF HIDING)

ACE: (LOOKING ROUND) We used to  
go to museums on school trips. It  
was always "don't touch, don't wander  
off, don't get the school a bad name."  
Still did it though.

THE DOCTOR: The front door must be  
this way.

(ACE PEERS AT THE  
GREAT AUK. FACE TO  
FACE, ONLY INCHES  
FROM ITS LETHAL  
BEAK)

ACE: Hallo. What did a nice Great  
Auk, like you do to deserve this?  
You got stuffed and it wasn't even  
Christmas.

THE DOCTOR: Ace. Over here.

ACE: See you later.

(ACE MOVES  
AWAY. THE AUK'S  
EYE GLEAMS.

THE DOCTOR IS  
CROUCHING OVER  
A SMALL SILVER  
SNUFF BOX ON  
THE FLOOR. IT  
BEARS THE INITIALS  
R.F.C.

ACE CROUCHES  
BESIDE HIM)

THE DOCTOR: What do you make of that?

ACE: Dunno. Is it a jewel box?

THE DOCTOR: Snuff.

ACE: (GRIMACING) Inhaling that stuff!  
I'm surprised humans made it into  
the Twentieth Century.

THE DOCTOR: At this point they haven't  
... not yet. What else?

ACE: It's silver. Whose initials  
are R.F.C?

(BEHIND THEM A  
CURTAIN STIRS)

THE DOCTOR: It's your initiative  
test.

ACE: That's why I'm asking questions.  
(PEERING AT BOX) When was the Royal  
Flying Corps invented?

THE DOCTOR: The name wasn't used  
until nineteen twelve. But I'll get  
you a badge if you want it. Ask me  
another.

ACE: Who is this R.F.C. then?

(SHE REACHES FOR  
THE BOX.

THE DOCTOR RAPS  
HER HAND BACK  
SHARPLY)

Professor! I'm only looking.

THE DOCTOR: Looking's one thing ...

(HE TAKES A SMALL  
INSTRUMENT LIKE  
A POCKET CALCULATOR  
FROM HIS POCKET  
AND POINTS IT AT  
THE BOX. IT CRACKLES  
LIKE A GEIGERCOUNTER)

ACE: It's radioactive.

THE DOCTOR: Very slightly.

ACE: Is it safe?

THE DOCTOR: There is no safe level.

ACE: What about R.F.C?

(A DECORATED  
AFRICAN SPEAR  
SLIDES DOWN  
BETWEEN THEM)

THE DOCTOR: (OBLIVIOUS) Hopefully  
he abandoned the box before he came  
to any harm.

(ACE NOTICES  
THE SPEAR)

ACE: Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: (REGISTERING THE SPEAR)  
A Masai assegai - purely ceremonial.

(HE LOOKS UP THE  
SPEAR'S LENGTH.

HOLDING THE SPEAR  
IS REDVERS FENN-  
COOPER, AN INTREPID  
EXPLORER OF ABOUT  
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS  
WITH A HEAVY SUNTAN  
AND A BUSHY MOUSTACHE.  
HE LOOKS EXHAUSTED,  
HAS A COUPLE OF DAYS  
STUBBLE AND HIS  
TWEED'S LOOK SLEPT  
IN.

HE SEEMS VERY  
NORMAL, RATIONAL  
AND EXTREMELY SANE,  
WHICH IS ODD, BECAUSE  
HE ISN'T A BIT.

HE POKES THE BOX  
WITH THE SPEAR TIP)

REDVERS: Where did you find it?

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE STAND)

THE DOCTOR: Just here. I wouldn't  
touch it if I were you. This is  
Ace. I'm the Doctor.

REDVERS: I'm a Fellow of the Royal  
Geographical Society.

(THE DOCTOR PUSHES  
AWAY THE SPEAR  
TIP)

THE DOCTOR: Really? So am I. Several  
times over.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
REDVERS SHAKE  
HANDS)

ACE: Is it your snuff box?

(REDVERS TAKES IN  
ACE'S CLOTHES  
AND TURNS AWAY,  
EMBARRASSED)

REDVERS: Please young lady, you are  
barely dressed!

ACE: Who's undressed?

(THE DOCTOR DARTS  
IN FRONT OF  
ACE)

THE DOCTOR: Excuse my friend, she  
originates from a less civilised clime.

ACE: What do you want me to do? Wrap  
up in a curtain?

THE DOCTOR: Be quiet, noble savage.

(TO REDVERS)

I'm sure that in the depths of Central  
Africa, you've seen far grislier  
sights than Ace's ankles.

ACE: He can't see my ankles.

THE DOCTOR: Your boots then.

(TO REDVERS)

You're an explorer, I take it.

REDVERS: I am. But I've seen nothing that equals the atrocities that are rumoured about this house, Gabriel Chase.

THE DOCTOR: Does that ring any bells, Ace?

ACE: No, why? Is this the surprise Professor? Because I'm not impressed.

REDVERS: I'm grateful to find an ally, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: You are?

REDVERS: You've given me the proof I needed.

THE DOCTOR: The snuff box?

(REDVERS REACHES  
FOR THE BOX)

ACE: Don't touch it!

(THE DOCTOR HOLDS  
HER BACK)

REDVERS: It's the first substantial evidence I've found.

(HE SCOOPS UP  
THE BOX)

(CONFIDENTIALLY) I came here to find Redvers Fenn-Cooper, one of the finest explorers in the Empire.

THE DOCTOR: R.F.C.

REDVERS: I knew he was in this house. I am commanded to find him and rescue him from the clutches of that blackguard Josiah Samuel Smith!

(NO SCENES 14 & 15)

16. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(THE HALF GLIMPSED  
FIGURE OF JOSIAH  
LURKS IN THE  
DARKENED ROOM,  
STARING INTO HIS  
MICROSCOPE.

THE DOOR OPENS  
AND HE RECOILS.

MRS. PRITCHARD IS  
SILHOUETTED AGAINST  
THE LIGHT FLOODING  
IN FROM OUTSIDE)

JOSIAH: Light!

(SHE CLOSES THE  
DOOR)

Well?

MRS. PRITCHARD: The new guest is  
installed in the drawing room as  
instructed, sir.

JOSIAH: You're slipping Mrs. Pritchard.  
And so are your workers. There are  
more strangers in the house. I've  
already released Fenn-Cooper, but  
where's Nimrod? He should be dealing  
with them.

MRS. PRITCHARD: Nimrod has his other  
duties.

JOSIAH: As usual I must delegate everything myself. I suggest you set an extra two places for dinner.

MRS. PRITCHARD: Very good, sir.

(MRS. PRITCHARD  
LEAVES.)

JOSIAH LEANS INTO  
VIEW AND PICKS UP  
THE TELEPHONE.

HE IS SHORTISH,  
MIDDLE-AGED  
WITH THICK WHITE  
HAIR. HIS SKIN  
IS BLEACHED AND HE  
WEARS DARK PEBBLE  
LENSED SPECTACLES)

ERNEST: Come along Nimrod, you  
Darwin's delight.

(THE TELEPHONE  
LINE CLICKS)

NIMROD: (OVER THE TELEPHONE) You  
rang, sir?

17 INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE ROOM HAS BIG  
GAME HEADS AND TRIBAL  
MASKS ON THE WALLS.  
THERE IS A CABINET  
WITH A SET OF GUNS  
AND RIFLES INSIDE.)

REDVERS LEADS THE  
DOCTOR AND ACE IN AS  
IF HE OWNS THE PLACE)

REDVERS: Josiah Smith invited  
Redvers here. Redvers is his  
sternest opponent and one of ...

ACE: ... the finest explorers in  
the Empire.

THE DOCTOR: And he hasn't been  
seen since?

(THE DOCTOR PRODUCES  
HIS GEIGER COUNTER  
AND, UNNOTICED, STARTS  
TO RUN IT OVER REDVERS.  
IT CRACKLES)

ACE: Perhaps he got lost on the  
way.

REDVERS: Henry Stanley found Doctor  
Livingstone. I shall find Redvers  
Fenn-Cooper.

(HE OPENS THE GUN  
CABINET AND STARTS  
TO LOOK THROUGH THE  
RIFLES)

THE DOCTOR: How long did you say  
you'd been in this house?

(REDVERS TAKES OUT  
AN ELEPHANT GUN AND  
LOADS IT)

ACE: Can we go, Professor? The whole  
place gives me the creeps.

THE DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF) I thought  
it might.

ACE: He's a headcase. And the house  
is like a morgue ... everything dead.

(REDVERS CLICKS THE  
GUN SHUT, SMILES,  
AND AIMS IT AT THEM.  
HE CLICKS THE  
SAFETY OFF)

18. INT. LOWER OBSERVATORY. NIGHT.

(NIMROD STANDS BY  
THE TABLE, HIS  
BACK TURNED,  
TALKING ON THE  
TELEPHONE.

HE IS SHORTISH AND  
SQUAT WITH HUNCHED  
SHOULDERS AND VERY  
HAIRY HANDS)

NIMROD: Very good, sir. I understand.  
I shall be with you shortly.

(NIMROD PUTS THE  
TELEPHONE DOWN  
AND TURNS TOWARDS  
THE DOOR IN THE  
WALL.

HE IS AN IMPECCABLY  
DRESSED AND MANNERED  
NEANDERTHAL MAN-  
SERVANT, WITH A  
BROAD BONE RIDGE  
ABOVE HIS EYES)

19. INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(REDVERS AIMS THE  
GUN AT THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE, WHO STARE  
BACK ACROSS THE  
ROOM)

ACE: Stop him, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me what else you  
found in the house.

(REDVERS SLOWLY,  
LOWERING THE GUN  
A LITTLE)

REDVERS: He ... Redvers had some  
stories. The pygmies of the Oluti  
Forest led him blindfold for three  
days through uncharted jungle. They  
took him to a swamp full of giant  
lizards like living dinosaurs. Do  
you know young Conan Doyle just  
laughed at him ... That's doctors  
for you.

(THE DOCTOR MAKES A CASUAL  
MOVE TO INSPECT THE GUN)

THE DOCTOR: That wouldn't be a  
Chinese fowling piece, would it?

(REDVERS RAISES  
THE GUN)

REDVERS: We're two weeks out from  
Zanzibar. I must find Redvers.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me what else you found.

REDVERS: Nothing.

THE DOCTOR: Describe it. It's alright, I'm a doctor.

REDVERS: Yes, there was light.

THE DOCTOR: Bright light?

REDVERS: Burning bright. In the heart of the interior.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me.

REDVERS: It burnt through my eyes into my mind. It had blazing radiant wings!

(HE STEPS BACK AND  
STARTS TO AIM THE  
GUN AT THE DOCTOR)

ACE: Doctor!

(ACE GOES FOR THE  
GUN, BUT HE KNOCKS  
HER FLYING BACKWARDS.

HE STARTS TO BACK  
THE UNFLINCHING  
DOCTOR AGAINST A  
CURTAINED FRENCH  
WINDOW.

REDVERS, GOING  
THROUGH THE MOTIONS  
AS HE DESCRIBES  
THEM:)

REDVERS: Once when Redvers was in the Congo, he faced a herd of stampeding buffalo head on. He raised his gun and with a single bullet...

(STARING STRAIGHT  
INTO THE GUN BARREL,  
THE DOCTOR SMARTLY  
SIDE STEPS, PULLING  
A CORD WHICH OPENS  
THE CURTAINS, LEAVING  
REDVERS STARING AT  
HIS OWN REFLECTION  
IN THE DARK WINDOW)

There ... there he is ... Redvers  
... I've found you. What have they  
done to you? You look like a ghost.

(HE LOWERS THE GUN  
AND CONTINUES TO  
STARE INTO THE  
GLASS)

ACE: Is it really him?

THE DOCTOR: Something he's seen has induced a mental trauma. You'd better get some help.

(THE DOCTOR GENTLY  
TAKES THE GUN  
FROM REDVERS)

ACE: That'll blow our cover.

(SHE GETS A "JUST  
DO IT" LOOK)

Alright, alright.

(ACE OPENS THE DOOR  
AND FINDS NIMROD  
AND MRS. PRITCHARD  
OUTSIDE WITH TWO  
MAIDS. THEY ENTER)

NIMROD: (INDICATING REDVERS) There  
he is.

THE DOCTOR: How do you do, I'm the  
Doctor.

(IGNORING HIM  
TOTALLY, MRS.  
PRITCHARD GOES  
TO REDVERS AND NONE TOO  
GENTLY RAISES  
HIM UP)

MRS. PRITCHARD: Mr. Fenn-Cooper,  
where've you been? We've been worried  
about you.

(REDVERS STILL  
STARING AT HIS  
REFLECTION)

REDVERS: Poor old Redvers. Poor  
old fellow.

NIMROD: (TO THE DOCTOR) A most  
unfortunate mishap, sir. I trust  
you and the young lady are not hurt.  
The gentleman has fits of distracted  
behaviour and must for his own safety  
be confined.

(THE MAIDS AND  
MRS. PRITCHARD  
GUIDE REDVERS  
OUT RATHER  
ROUGHLY)

THE DOCTOR: I don't want him hurt.

REDVERS: (MOANING) Not the Interior.  
Please. I don't want to go back to  
the Interior.

ACE: You don't have to twist his  
arm like that!

(THE DOCTOR QUIETENS  
ACE)

THE DOCTOR: My friend Ace and I were  
just passing when ...

NIMROD: My master Mr. Smith asks  
if you will join our other guest in  
the drawing room.

ACE: Is this an asylum, professor?  
With the patients in charge?

THE DOCTOR: Given the chance it could  
be absolute bedlam. Thank you, er...

NIMROD: Nimrod, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... thank you, Nimrod.  
We'd be delighted to accept.

20. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE TABLE IS NOW  
SET FOR FIVE  
PEOPLE.

GWENDOLINE IS BY  
THE WINDOW LOOKING  
UPSET.

ERNEST FACES THE  
DOORS AS THE  
DOCTOR, ACE AND  
NIMROD APPEAR)

ERNEST: So you finally condescend  
to meet me, sir. I am "grateful"  
for your hospitality.

(THE DOCTOR,  
PROFFERING A  
HAND, RAISING  
A HAT, ETC)

THE DOCTOR: How do you do ...  
thank you for coming.

ERNEST: (SEEING ACE) Good Lord!

THE DOCTOR: This is my friend,  
Ace.

ERNEST: I see all the stories  
are true. You have no shred  
of decency. Even parading your  
shameless wantons in front of  
your guests.

ACE: Does hemean me, Professor?

ERNEST: Professor! And at which scholarly seat did you obtain this latest status?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, there are so many to choose from.

ERNEST: I have it. (POINTING AT ACE) This is some experiment related to your mumbo-jumbo theories. Perhaps she'll evolve into a young lady.

ACE: Who are you calling young lady, bogbrain?!

ERNEST: Not much luck so far.

THE DOCTOR: Quiet, Eliza and be a good girl. I'm making small talk.

NIMROD: If I might explain, sir ...

THE DOCTOR: That's fine, Nimrod. There's still some tea in the pot. See if you can find a couple more cups, thank you very much.

(HE HAS SLIPPED  
SOMETHING INTO  
NIMROD'S HAND.

THE MANSERVANT  
FINDS HIMSELF  
WALKING OUT,  
LOOKS AT HIS  
HAND, IS STARTLED  
AND GOES.

GWENDOLINE COMES  
UP)

GWENDOLINE: Sir, I think Mr. Matthews is confused.

THE DOCTOR: Never mind, I'll have him completely bewildered by the time I've finished.

ACE: I'll help.

THE DOCTOR: (TO GWENDOLINE) We had some trouble with our carriage and Ace here cannot stay to dinner looking like that.

ACE: Who says?

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps you can find her some more appropriate apparel.

GWENDOLINE: Gladly, sir. Come Alice, you can borrow a dress of mine.

ACE: (WARY) It's Ace. Thanks anyway.

THE DOCTOR: And Ace?

ACE: I'm not wearing a bustle!

THE DOCTOR: At least try for a degree of parlour cred.

20A. EXT. GABRIEL CHASE HOUSE. NIGHT.

(LIGHTNING CRACKS  
ACROSS THE PITCH  
BLACK SKY ABOVE  
THE HOUSE)

21. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(NIMROD FACES  
JOSIAH)

JOSIAH: What did he give you,  
Nimrod?

NIMROD: Sir?

JOSIAH: What did this strange  
little doctor give you? I saw  
him.

(NIMROD HOLDS OUT  
HIS HAND. IT  
CONTAINS A LARGE  
CANINE TOOTH)

The tooth of a cave bear?

(THUNDER RUMBLES)

NIMROD: It has magical properties.

JOSIAH: Primitive fiddle faddle.

NIMROD: Only the greatest elders  
of my tribe can bestow them.  
They are a totem of great power.  
(cont ...)

(A FURIOUS ROAR  
OF THUNDER)

NIMROD: (cont) The Burning one is  
restless tonight.

JOSIAH: Then see to it that we  
are not disturbed.

22. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

(THUNDER.

THE DOCTOR  
FACES ERNEST)

ERNEST: Now, sir ...

THE DOCTOR: Let me guess. My theories appal you, my heresies outrage you, I never answer letters and you don't like my hat.

ERNEST: You're a worse scoundrel than Darwin.

THE DOCTOR: Just call me Doctor. And how was your journey from Oxford?

ERNEST: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Mortarhouse College, isn't it? I recognise the tie.

ERNEST: You know full well who I am. You invited me here.

(THE DOCTOR HAS  
EDGED TOWARDS  
THE PIANO.

HE SITS DOWN  
TRIUMPHANTLY AND  
FLEXES HIS FINGERS,  
CONCERT PIANIST  
STYLE)

THE DOCTOR: I'm so glad you have  
the courage of your convictions.  
Excuse me, it's a long time since  
I tickled the ivories.

(HE LAUNCHES INTO  
HEAVY BOOGIE-WOOGIE.

ERNEST IS AGHAST.

AFTER A FEW BARS,  
THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
UP AND SEES HIS  
RECEPTION)

Ah. So sorry. I was forgetting  
the time.

(HE DROPS EFFORT-  
LESSLY INTO THE  
OPENING OF  
BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT  
SONATA.

IMMEDIATELY, THE  
LIGHTS DIM THEM-  
SELVES.

ERNEST LOOKS ROUND.

THE DOOR OPENS AND  
JOSIAH MAKES HIS  
ENTRANCE)

Josiah Samuel Smith I presume.  
I am The Doctor. And this is ...?

JOSIAH: The Reverend Ernest  
Matthews, Dean of Mortarhouse  
College, Oxford. Your servant,  
sirs. Welcome to Gabriel Chase.

THE DOCTOR: You can't beat a  
dramatic entrance.

JOSIAH: Two scholars. I never  
fail to marvel at the abundance  
of subspecies in the genus Homo  
Victorianus.

(NO SCENE 23)

24. INT. EMPTY BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(REDVERS IN A  
STRAIT-JACKET  
SITS ON THE  
FLOOR, PROPPED  
AGAINST THE WALL.

HE IS TERRIFIED.

THE GLARE OF THE  
LIGHTNING FLASHES  
THROUGH THE WINDOW.

HE STARES AT THE  
SNUFF BOX, WHICH  
LIES ON THE FLOOR  
NEARBY.

THE WINDOW BEGINS  
TO FLICKER WITH  
COLOURED LIGHT,  
BECOMING LIKE THE  
PANELS OF A  
STAINED GLASS  
WINDOW.

REDVERS BRACES  
HIMSELF.

WITH A PULSING  
HUMMING NOISE,  
THE SNUFF BOX  
LID SLOWLY BEGINS  
TO OPEN BY ITSELF,  
REVEALING A  
BRILLIANT WHITE  
LIGHT INSIDE)

25. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

(JOSIAH IS SHOWING  
THE DOCTOR A CASE  
OF MOUNTED MOTHS)

JOSIAH: I recently made a study  
of these moths. Even in one species  
there can be a wide variation of  
markings from the countryside to  
the town.

THE DOCTOR: Fascinating.

JOSIAH: I'm certain they are  
adapting to survive the smoke  
with which industry is tainting  
the land.

ERNEST: I've listened enough to  
this. It's time you accounted  
for yourself and your theories.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STUCK BETWEEN  
JOSIAH AND ERNEST  
LIKE A TENNIS  
UMPIRE)

THE DOCTOR: Never bite the hand  
that feeds you, Dean. Not until  
after dinner anyway.

JOSIAH: I shall be happy to  
consent, Matthews. But I had  
hoped to find you more "adaptable".

ERNEST: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Still, it's one way of working up an appetite.

JOSIAH: You are an academic and a city man. You certainly shout like one. (THREAT) In the country you will find it prudent to converse in more restrained tones.

THE DOCTOR: Sound advice.

ERNEST: I won't listen to such nonsense!

(THUNDER RUMBLES)

THE DOCTOR: Adapt or become extinct, Ernest.

ERNEST: No-one asked for your opinion, sir!

THE DOCTOR: Nevertheless, I suggest you concede to my wisdom ... and button it!

ERNEST: I beg your pardon!

THE DOCTOR: Why not read Darwin, instead of just condemning him. (SMILES) It's all a matter of survival.

(A DISTANT CRY  
FROM REDVERS)

25A. INT. GWENDOLINE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(GWENDOLINE IS BEHIND  
A SCREEN CHANGING  
HER CLOTHES.

ACE IN CLOSE-UP, SO  
WE CANNOT YET SEE HER  
NEW OUTFIT, (SEE  
SCENE TWENTY-SEVEN).

REDVERS' CRY AGAIN)

ACE: Something's happening. Come  
on.

(GWENDOLINE'S HEAD  
POKES OVER THE TOP  
OF THE SCREEN)

GWENDOLINE: Wait, Ace. Wait for  
me!

26. INT. EMPTY BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(REDVERS IS  
UNABLE TO MOVE  
AS THE LIGHT  
FROM THE BOX  
NOW FILLS THE  
WHOLE ROOM.

THE AIR PULSES  
WITH THE HUMMING)

27. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(A LIGHT BLAZES  
UNDER ONE OF  
THE DOORS.

MRS. PRITCHARD IS  
TRYING TO FORCE  
THE DOOR.

ACE AND GWENDOLINE,  
BOTH WEARING MEN'S  
EVENING DRESS,  
RUN UP. (BUT THEY  
BOTH STILL HAVE  
THEIR HAIR LONG))

GWENDOLINE: Mrs. Pritchard. What's  
happening?

(MRS. PRITCHARD  
STEPS BACK,  
ASTONISHED BY  
THE GIRLS' CLOTHES)

MRS. PRITCHARD: The door is jammed,  
Miss.

ACE: Let me have a go.

(SHE BARGES IN  
AND TRIES THE  
DOOR.

ANOTHER CRY FROM  
REDVERS INSIDE.

ACE MOVES BACK  
TO GET A DECENT  
SWING WITH HER  
FOOT)

O.K. stand clear.

ACE STARTS TO  
BOOT THE DOOR)

THE DOCTOR: Ace!

(THE DOCTOR,  
JOSIAH, ERNEST  
AND NIMROD HURRY  
UP)

There's no need to wreck the joint.

ACE: I haven't got any Nitro.

JOSIAH: Nimrod, see to the door.

(NIMROD MOVES TO  
THE DOOR.

MRS. PRITCHARD  
PUSHES THE OTHERS  
BACK)

MRS. PRITCHARD: Please stand clear,  
gentlemen. Everything is under control.

(THE CANDLES SHE  
CARRIES FLARE UP  
SHOOTING SPARKS  
LIKE ROMAN CANDLES.

NIMROD STARTS TO  
HEAVE HIS WEIGHT  
AGAINST THE DOOR.

THERE IS A MUFFLED  
CRACKLING SOUND)

THE DOCTOR: Latent energy ignition.

ACE: You're crackling, Professor.

(THE DOCTOR DELVES  
INTO HIS POCKET  
AND PRODUCES HIS  
GEIGERCOUNTER  
WHICH IS CRACKLING  
LIKE A RADIOACTIVE  
BREAKFAST BOWL.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE EXCHANGE  
WORRIED LOOKS)

THE DOCTOR: I like the tuxedo.

(NIMROD BREAKS  
THE DOOR IN.

SMOKE AND BLAZING  
LIGHT POUR FROM  
THE DOORWAY.

JOSIAH RECOILS,  
SHIELDING HIS EYES  
FROM THE GLARE,  
WHICH STARTS TO  
FADE)

ACE: Terrific!

THE DOCTOR: Peanuts. Just residual  
static from the electrical storm.

(A GYNORMOUS FLASH  
OF LIGHTNING MAKES  
EVEN THE DOCTOR  
BLANCH - A BIT)

28. INT. EMPTY ROOM. NIGHT.

(TREMENDOUS THUNDER.  
THE GLARE DIES.

NIMROD ENTERS THE  
ROOM, FOLLOWED  
IMMEDIATELY BY  
THE DOCTOR.

REDVERS IS HUNCHED  
ON THE FLOOR WITH  
HIS HEAD HIDDEN.

NIMROD TURNS AND  
TRIES TO PUSH  
THE DOCTOR BACK)

NIMROD: I'm sorry Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Redvers. What did you  
see?

(REDVERS TURNS  
SLOWLY AND LOOKS  
UP. HIS HAIR HAS  
GONE COMPLETELY  
WHITE)

REDVERS: Poor old Redvers. The poor  
fellow went quite mad, you know. They  
had to lock him away.

(NIMROD PUSHES  
THE DOCTOR AWAY,  
BACK TO THE DOOR  
WHERE MRS. PRITCHARD  
IS HOLDING ACE  
BACK)

NIMROD: You must leave, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: He may need help.

ACE: What's happened, Professor?

MRS. PRITCHARD: This way please.

(NIMROD CLOSES THE  
DOOR ON THE DOCTOR.  
HE TURNS BACK TO  
REDVERS AND  
CROUCHES BY HIM)

NIMROD: (URGENTLY) Mr. Fenn-Cooper.  
Tell me what you saw. I must know.

28A. EXT. GABRIEL CHASE HOUSE. NIGHT.

(MORE LIGHTNING)

29. INT. DRAWING/DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARGUE WITH  
JOSIAH.

AT THE OTHER END  
OF THE ROOM,  
ERNEST AND GWENDOLINE  
STUDIOUSLY IGNORE  
EACH OTHER)

THE DOCTOR: I wanted to see him!

JOSIAH: Out of the question.

ACE: He could have been badly burned.

(NIMROD ENTERS)

JOSIAH: He will be well taken care of.

ACE: I bet.

NIMROD: Doctor, I can personally  
assure you that Mr. Fenn-Cooper is being  
made comfortable and will come to no  
harm.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
NIMROD STRAIGHT IN  
THE EYE AND NODS  
KNOWINGLY)

THE DOCTOR: Only the madman may see  
the clear path through the tangled forest.

NIMROD: (BOWING REVERENTLY) So has it  
always been known.

JOSIAH: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Nimrod,  
you also have other duties.

NIMROD: Yes, sir.

(NIMROD LEAVES)

ACE: (TO THE DOCTOR) He's a  
Neanderthal, isn't he?

THE DOCTOR: The finest example  
I've seen this side of the Stone  
Age.

30. INT. LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(THE MAIN CHAMBER.

NIMROD ENTERS AND  
CROSSES TO A  
CENTRAL CURTAIN,  
WHICH HE HURRIEDLY  
DRAWS BACK.

IT REVEALS A STONE  
MACHINE CONSOLE  
WITH A SLAB TOP  
FROM WHICH RISE  
A MASS OF CRYSTAL  
RODS IN DIFFERENT  
COLOURS, LIKE A  
3D RELIEF STAINED  
GLASS WINDOW, LIT  
FROM BENEATH.

ON THE WALL BEYOND  
THIS IS THE CIRCULAR  
MEMBRANE OF A LARGE  
INSECT CELL, INSIDE  
WHICH MOVES A  
RESTLESS ALIEN SHADOW.

NIMROD BOWS BEFORE  
IT AND REVERENTLY  
PASSES HIS HANDS  
OVER THE CRYSTALS  
ON THE SLAB.

AS THE ENERGY  
FLOW STARTS TO  
PULSE TO A LOWER  
BEAT, SHADOWS  
BEHIND THE OTHER  
CURTAINS BEGIN TO  
MOVE AND SWAY.

WE SEE FROM THE  
P.O.V. OF SOMETHING  
WHICH PUSHES ASIDE  
ITS CURTAIN AND  
MOVES FORWARD,  
LUMBERING UP BEHIND  
NIMROD AS HE ATTENDS  
TO HIS MACHINE.

A HEAVY BONE  
SHATTERS ACROSS  
NIMROD'S SKULL.

HE COLLAPSES.

A HUSKY, GENDERLESS  
VOICE SPEAKS FROM  
WITHIN THE CELL)

CONTROL: Did that hurt? Good.

31 INT DRAWING/DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

(JOSIAH SITS AT THE  
TOP OF THE TABLE  
WITH GWENDOLINE  
NEXT TO HIM ON ONE  
SIDE, THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE ON THE  
OTHER AND ERNEST  
AT THE FAR END.

MRS PRITCHARD IS IN  
ATTENDANCE WITH TWO  
MAIDS)

ACE: I still haven't worked out  
where this place is.

ERNEST: (TO JOSIAH) And I am still  
waiting for an explanation of your  
unholy and blasphemous theories.

ACE: What theories?

THE DOCTOR: The theories that have  
turned 19th century science on its  
head. Darwinism.

(ERNEST GETS TO HIS  
FEET)

ACE: Is there a free lecture thrown  
in with dinner?

THE DOCTOR: Sermons are his  
speciality.

ACE: Are we meant to take notes?

ERNEST: Mr. smith disputes Man's  
rightful dominion over the forces of  
nature.

JOSIAH: I can recommend the potatoes,  
Doctor.

ERNEST: Instead, he says that Mankind  
should itself adapt to serve nature or  
become extinct!

(HE WIATS FOR AN  
EXPLOSION OF  
DISAPPROVAL.

INSTEAD, THE  
TELEPHONE IS HEARD  
RINGING IN THE  
STUDY NEXT DOOR.  
MORE OF A TRILL  
THAN A RING.

THE DOCTOR SMILES)

JOSIAH: Please, excuse me.

(HE RISES AND  
GOES)

ERNEST: Infernal telephonic machines.

ACE: Let's ring out for a take-away.  
Anyone fancy a curry?

THE DOCTOR: I know a nice little  
restaurant on the Khyber Pass.

32. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(THE TELEPHONE  
RINGS. JOSIAH  
ANSWERS IT)

JOSIAH: Nimrod? What's going on?  
I told you not to ring me now. Nimrod?  
... Are you there?

(CONTROL, HUSKY  
AND DELIBERATE  
ON THE OTHER END  
OF THE LINE)

CONTROL: I escape!

(JOSIAH SLAMS THE  
TELEPHONE DOWN  
ANGRILY AND TURNS  
ROUND.

HE IS FACE TO FACE  
WITH THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Having trouble with your  
connections? Perhaps I can help.

(ACE, FROM THE  
HALL - VERY ANGRY)

ACE: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: On the other hand, I think  
I have an emergency of my own. Excuse  
me. Time to emerge.

(THE DOCTOR HURRIES  
OUT, ALMOST  
COLLIDING WITH  
MRS. PRITCHARD,  
WHO IS ON THE  
WAY IN)

JOSIAH: Mrs. Pritchard, a problem  
has arisen. Ask Ernest Matthews to  
join me in here. Then no one is to  
disturb us.

33. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(ACE STANDS AT  
THE FOOT OF THE  
STAIRS)

ACE: (BAWLING) Doctor! Where are  
you? I want to talk to you!

(THE DOCTOR DASHES  
UP)

THE DOCTOR: Ace, what's the matter?

ACE: (LIVID) Faceache Matthews in  
there says this house has a domed  
observatory on the roof and a stone  
angel by the front door!

THE DOCTOR: So?

ACE: It was all falling down last time  
I saw it in nineteen eighty three! You  
tricked me! This is Perivale!

(TWO OF THE MAIDS  
COME OUT OF THE  
DRAWING ROOM.

ACE RUNS OFF  
TOWARDS THE  
TROPHY ROOM)

THE DOCTOR: Ace!

(HE HURRIES AFTER  
HER)

34. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(ERNEST STEPS  
IN. MRS. PRITCHARD  
BEHIND HIM.

JOSIAH IS SITTING  
BEHIND HIS DESK)

JOSIAH: Ernest. Please sit down.

(ERNEST COMES  
WARILY FORWARD  
AND SITS IN A  
CHAIR OPPOSITE  
JOSIAH)

I am afraid that something unforeseen  
has arisen. I shall have to ask you  
to wait a little longer.

ERNEST: After coming so far sir, I  
have no intention of leaving until I  
have gained full satisfaction.

JOSIAH: Then we are in accord.  
Mrs. Pritchard, see to it that the  
Dean's time passes as quickly as possible.

(FROM BEHIND ERNEST,  
MRS. PRITCHARD'S  
HAND CLAMPS A PAD  
OVER HIS FACE.

HE GRASPS FORWARD  
AT THE AIR)

35. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

(GWENDOLINE, SEATED AT  
THE PIANO, IS SINGING  
AND PLAYING SOME  
SUITABLY IRONIC  
VICTORIAN PARLOUR  
SONG ABOUT BIRDS IN  
GILDED CAGES OR THE  
LIKE)

36. INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(ACE STANDS ALONE  
ALMOST IN TEARS AND  
DESPERATELY ANGRY.

THE DOCTOR WAITS  
QUIETLY BEHIND HER)

THE DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Ace.

(ACE TENSES, REFUSING  
TO TURN AND LOOK AT  
HIM)

ACE: It's true isn't it? This is  
the house I told you about.

THE DOCTOR: (SHRUGGING) When you're  
thirteen, you'll climb over the wall  
for a dare.

ACE: That's your surprise, isn't it?  
Bringing me back here.

THE DOCTOR: Remind me what it was  
that you sensed when you got into  
the deserted house. An aura of intense  
evil?

ACE: Don't you have things you hate?

THE DOCTOR: I can't stand burnt toast and I loathe bus stations. Nasty places, full of lost souls and lost luggage.

ACE: I told you I never wanted to come back here.

THE DOCTOR: And then there's unrequited love and tyranny and cruelty ...

ACE: Too right.

THE DOCTOR: We each have a universe of our own terrors to face.

ACE: I face mine on my own terms.

THE DOCTOR: Don't tell me you didn't want to know what happened to this house.

ACE: No!

THE DOCTOR: But you've already learned something you'd never have recognised as an ordinary earth child.

ACE: Like what?

THE DOCTOR: The nature of the horror you sensed in this place.

ACE: (FOREBODING) It's alien.

37. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(JOSIAH SMILES)

JOSIAH: How amusing. Another specimen.

(MRS. PRITCHARD STANDS  
BEHIND ERNEST, WHO IS  
SLUMPED IN THE CHAIR  
UNCONSCIOUS)

MRS. PRITCHARD: For the collection,  
sir?

JOSIAH: No, not yet. This one is  
for the toybox. I think he'll be  
very amusing.

38. INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(ACE AND THE DOCTOR.  
AS SCENE 36)

THE DOCTOR: Come back to dinner,  
Ace.

(ACE IS SILENT.  
THE DOCTOR TURNS  
TO LEAVE)

ACE: When I lived here in Perivale,  
me and my best mate, we dossed around  
together. We'd out dare each other  
on things. Skiving off. Stupid  
things. Then they burnt out Manesha's  
flat. White kids firebombed it and I  
didn't care anymore.

(THE DOCTOR MOVES  
IN CLOSER TO HER)

THE DOCTOR: I think that you really  
cared a lot. Ace.

ACE: That's when I came over the wall  
to the house. This house. I was so  
mad and I needed to get away. It was  
empty, all overgrown and falling down.  
I didn't know it had a name. No one  
came here. But when I got inside, it  
was even worse. I didn't know then ...  
it was horrible ...

THE DOCTOR: What did you do?  
(cont ...)

(THE DOOR OPENS  
AND JOSIAH ENTERS.

FROM THE DRAWING ROOM  
COMES THE SOUND OF  
MUSIC.

ACE CLAMS UP)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Tell me, Ace.

JOSIAH: Doctor? I must speak with  
you.

ACE: Excuse me.

(ACE HURRIES OUT,  
LEAVING THE FRUSTATED  
DOCTOR STUCK WITH  
JOSIAH)

39. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(ACE HEADS FOR  
THE STAIRS.

MRS. PRITCHARD IS ON  
THE LANDING ABOVE  
GIVING INSTRUCTIONS  
TO A MAID.

ACE HEADS ROUND BESIDE  
THE STAIRCASE AND  
FINDS THE OPEN DOOR  
IN THE PANELLING,  
REVEALING THE LIFT.

SHE GOES INSIDE AND  
SHUTS THE DOOR OF  
THE LIFT.

PRESSING BUTTONS  
EXPECTANTLY, SHE  
LOOKS UP AS THE  
ENGINES ENGAGE.

THE LIFT GOES DOWN  
(THROUGH THE FLOOR)

40. INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(JOSIAH AND THE  
DOCTOR)

JOSIAH: I need your help, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. It can't be easy  
being so far away from home.  
Struggling to adapt to an alien  
environment.

JOSIAH: My roots are in this house.  
I'm as human as you are.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, really?

JOSIAH: How you fancy people despise  
me. With your Doctorates and your  
Professorships.

THE DOCTOR: Honours aren't everything.

JOSIAH: I am afflicted with an enemy.  
A vile and base creature pitted  
against me, that I am forced to serve.  
All of us in this house are in its  
power. I believe you can assist me in  
defeating it.

THE DOCTOR: I'm not interested in  
money. How much?

- 1/89 -

JOSIAH: Five thousand guineas to rid  
me of the evil brute.

THE DOCTOR: Now that's what I call  
Victorian Value. But I'm still not  
interested in money.

- 1/89 -

41. INT. LIFT.

(THE LIFT IS TRAVELLING  
DOWN WITH ACE INSIDE.  
SHE IS FRIGHTENED.

IT JOLTS TO A HALT.

ACE WARILY OPENS THE  
DOOR)

42. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(MRS. PRITCHARD  
LOOKING AT THE  
OPEN DOOR IN THE  
PANELLING.)

SHE LISTENS TO THE  
LIFT DOORS OPEN  
DOWN BELOW. SHE  
SMILES AND SEALS  
THE DOOR IN THE  
PANELLING)

43. INT. LOWER OBSERVATORY AND ACCESS  
TUNNEL.

(ACE COMES OUT OF  
THE LIFT.

SHE MOVES ALONG THE  
TUNNEL, TAKING IN  
THE CAVE PAINTINGS.

BEHIND HER, THE LIFT  
DOOR SLIDES SHUT WITH  
A CLUNK. ACE RUNS  
BACK TO THE DOOR AND  
TRIES TO OPEN IT.  
THE LIFT GOES UP.

SHE TURNS AND HURRIES  
DOWN THE TUNNEL.

SHE ENTERS THE MAIN  
CHAMBER AND SEES THE  
STONE MACHINES.

NIMROD IS PROPPED  
UP AGAINST THE WALL  
CLOSE TO THE DOOR.  
HE IS UNCONSCIOUS.

AS ACE BENDS OVER  
HIM, SHE HEARS THE  
HUSKY, ROUGH VELVET  
VOICE OF CONTROL  
FROM BEHIND THE  
DOOR)

CONTROL: There's new scent in the  
dark. Listen. Pulsing, warming,  
racing blood. Smells like ratkin!  
(cont ...)

(A CURTAIN SLOWLY  
DRAWS OPEN TO REVEAL  
A TABLEAU OF TWO  
STUFFED ALIEN CREATURES  
(THE HUSKS). BOTH  
GROTESQUELY DEVOLVED:  
BIPEDAL, BUT WITH  
BLEACHED WHITE HEADS:  
ONE REPTILE LIKE,  
THE OTHER, INSECT  
LIKE WITH A MASS OF  
GLOBULAR EYES.

BOTH OF THEM WEAR  
VICTORIAN STYLE SUITS  
LIKE THE ONE JOSIAH  
WEARS.

ACE BACKS AWAY FROM  
THEM.

CONTROL: (cont) Wake up. Move  
yourselves! Come on. Ratkin's come  
to visit! (cont ...)

(ACE JUMPS AT THE  
SOUND OF A BIRD'S  
WINGS FLUTTERING.

A BIRD CRIES OUT,  
BUT THE STUFFED  
BIRDS ARE UNMOVING.

THIS IS ACE'S WORST  
NIGHTMARE. THE ONE  
SHE FACES ON HER  
TERMS, NOT SOMEONE  
ELSE'S.

DISTRACTED BY THE  
BIRDS, SHE DOES NOT  
SEE THE REPTILE HUSK  
RAISE A CREST ON ITS  
HEAD AND TURN TO LOOK  
AT HER.

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CONTROL WHISPERS  
FROM ITS CELL)

CONTROL: (cont) Move. Come on.  
Move. Move. Move.

(ACE TURNS AND SEES  
THE HUSKS ALL STARTING  
TO MOVE IN CHOREOGRAPHIC  
UNISON TOWARDS HER!)

FADE OUT

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